A Satirical make-believe Play about
a real dead Gaelic woman.
Directors can stage however they see fit.

Our Lady of the Lake:
The Violent Death of Dara Quigley

by

Ó-Kieffe and Tlachtga Gallagher

For Auntie Aileen Malone,
mother of Dara Quigley.

Scene 1

First Cailleach: THERES A REASON WE ARE SILENT, DARA QUIGLEY.

Dara Quigley: Why is that, you old banshee#

First Cailleach: Marbh le tae, marbh gan tae. Its not really something that we say…in English.

Dara: So you think my blog could get me killed#

First Cailleach: You can either be right or you can have friends; thats their rules Dara. No mamas boys, no smart Alechs, no show offs, no know it alls, no Culchies, no Minkers, no Leprechauns, no weirdos, no Catholics, no nerds, no tomboys, no back-talk, no conscience, no Irish need apply.

Dara: No Taigs, No Skangers, No Blacks, no dogs, no mutant gardenweeds, no Irish, no Darndale, no Coolock. Well the pirate legend Grainne Mhaol took her shot at Elizabeth the First, so why shouldnt I# Before it has to come to armed rebellion#

First Cailleach: The sacred castle of Dún Dhruimm is one reason, Dara, and Sinéad Ó Connor and Lady Diana, are two more reasons.

Dara: They can try to bury us, but they may find that we are diamonds formed under pressure.
All charred and dried up now
the life Ive lived it seems like hell
But from such conditions I have heard
That things like Diamonds grow quite well.

Scene 2

An Bodach: Theres no wisdom in fighting this, Dara. Saxons, white whale, the Viking Terror, UK, Dutch, White mans Burden, Spanish, Portuguese, EU White Wash, Saudi Arabia, Aristocratic Locusts, Bloodsuckers.

Dara: But dont we own our own water# German roads, privatised water, and the Queen owning our fish and not a native forest to be seen. And even if the birds wernt getting scarcer, we have very few native woodlands to accommodate them. And what about our sacred wells. Tobar Eóin for example, is it not a Sacred well any more#

An Bodach: Aye lass St. Patricks wells are sacred, they cannot be privatised because they belong to the Church of St. Patricks families. But, you cant serve Creation and Money. Things could be a lot worse than you think, young lass.

Dara: Next thing you know theyll build nuclear-powered decarbonisers and charging us for the air we breathe!

An Bodach: Aye, an Air Utility bill will make the Irish Water failed protest seem like nothing.

Dara: Theres bound to be loads of us, all that geographical isolation. Diaspora. Her name is Jemima Brown and she lives with her Momma in Irish Town. To Hell or Jamaica, To Hell or Barbados, To Hell or Australia, Trinidad, Mexico, South Africa, To Hell or Montserrat where a volcano could erupt and kill all our Bantu-Irish cousins.

An Bodach: Solk us from the Taddy. Wére a scattered people surely, but

anyone with gumption and a sharp mind will heed two things, Dara Quigley.

Dara: Whats that# The Tories and the Banks#

An Bodach: Exactly! Whats said and whats done.

Scene III

Arawak Matriarch Friend 1: Hey Dara! Yknow their going to find a version of the famous Brian Merriman Poem, The Midnight Court, in Contae Roscommon Gaelic Dialect, the year after you die#

Dara: WHAT## Theyre going to find a Roscommon Irish version An Cúirt Oíche a year after I die# But Im only 36...

Arawak Matriarch Friend 1: Aye! It says it right here.

Dara: Wher;d you find that##

Arawak Matriarch Friend 1: A dog dropped it by. A wild-eyed dog.

Dara: Jaysus Hibernian Christ!! That is spooky.

Arawak Matriarch Friend 1: For all we know, you sent it from beyond the grave, as the Lady of the Lake from Lough Derg, in Thomond.

Dara: Dont be so blooming spooky. A wild-looking dog#

Arawak Matriarch Friend 1: Yep! A wild-looking dog. Could have been a wolf for all I know. It just left this note at my feet.

Dara: Kinda reminds me of Lady Diana of Fermoy.

Arawak Matriarch Friend 1: Lady Diana#

Dara: Well, Fermoy is close to Thomond. But I think this is a bit different.

They say Lady Diana was an inside job with outside help.Oh yeah! Twas a wild-looking dog, one of us. You have a copy of The Midnight Court#

Arawak Matriarch Friend 1: I do indeed! [goes to get book]
There was an offer from Aoibhell with a heart so clean
Momonians friend, and Craig Liaths Banshee Queen
To the County Councils, to bid Farewell
And in the Land of Thomond...

Dara: [seizing book] Let me see that!
And in the Land of Thomond, to stay a while....
This gentle upright Lady swore
To rip out Bad Laws by their core
To stand steadfast beside the poor and weak
So the mighty will have to cherish the meek
the powerful desist from inflicting wrongs
And justice Enthroned where it belongs.

This is just like what I said in my blog! They tried to bury us! It just takes two generations of Patsy-making by Pat-Rollers with Paddy Wagons and Billy Clubs. Everyone knows who the Squeezing Class is.

Arawak Matriarch Friend 1: Aoibhell here says "Unbury us, Dara, Unvanish Ireland."

Dara: No! She says, "A year after my death...

Arawak Matriarch Friend 1: A year after your death, a rare copy of her poem will surface.

Dara: Jaysus Hibernian Christ!

Scene 4

Arawak Matriarch Friend 1: Oh wait! Someone wrote a margin note here. It says to "Look at the Emerald Isle or the Caves of Carrig Cleena" by Arthur Sullivan.

Dara: Of Gilbert and Sullivan#

Arawak Matriarch Friend 1: Yeah the last thing he wrote before he died...

Dara: Whoa!

Arawak Matriarch Friend 1: Yeah theres a copy of the libretto online at the Gilbert and Sullivan archive.

Dara: "Come away from the haunted caves of Carraig Chlíodhna" the soldiers disperse panic-stricken.

Ezili Danto Friend 2: Its all quarried anyway. They were Lagan and now they are Breedon.

Friend 1: Jaysus Hibernian Christ.

Dara: And top of the mornin to you! Maidin mhaith. They say she broke the drills at fist. Cleena broke their drills as they drilled Carraig Chlíodhna, the most sacred place in Ireland. Its like assassinating Oscar Romero while he celebrated Mass...

Friend 2: They also say it brings the Almightys curse.

Dara: Well its about time.

Friend 1 and 2: Agreed.

Scene 5

Clíodhnas spirit appears.

Anam Chlíodhna: You can be Chief, Dara, Big Chief. We all hope so; dont worry, your friends cant see me nor hear me from Outer Space.

Dara: Too heavy a price for me, Banshee.

Anam Chlíodhna: Listen, if they ever get you, play the eejit.

Dara: So a revolution isnt going to work# An armed rebellion# It wont work#

Anam Chlíodhna: Planet Earth is dying, Dara. The Otherworld agrees with Jesus Hibernian Christ that it will take whatevver it takes to save Planet Earth. The Golden Rule without end. Tian sia wei gong. Amhán, Amhán. Amen. Amen. Amen. Abhainn, Abhainn. Nem. Nem.

Dara: So we just stay buried and bored, Clíodhna#

Anam Chlíodhna: Ní tonn.... They say one day Clíodhnas wave will wash over Momonia.

Dara: I sure hope youre right!

Scene 6.

Dara: You see all them Viking Bikers acting like they own Cork#

Viking Biker von Drumpf: You talking about us, sweetie pie# Smile for me honey.

Dara: Oh aye, you Lochlannach. But I know you dont give a shite about what a dirty Skanger thinks. I remember Callaghan of Cashel and Fergus mac Roích.

Viking Biker von Drumpf: Fergus mac Roích#! Fergus mac Roích# ...was a pussy. Like you dirty Skangers.

Big Ó Neill: Are you bothering my cousin, lad#

Viking Biker von Drumpf: Naw, Big Ó Neill, just having a laugh.

Viking Biker 2: Just having a laugh.
Viking Biker 3: Just having a laugh.

Big Ó Neill: You just having a laugh# You know, Dara, you sound like Macha, the Banshee Queen of Ulidia.

Dara: Go Dé agus Ulaidh!

Big Ó Neill: Mo Chaillín, youll suit.

Viking Biker von Drumpf: You talking about your Fairy Tales again# Lot of good thatll do yas.

Big Ó Neill: Do you not know about the curse of Macha#

Viking Biker von Drumpf: Some woman curse# Just Pussy shit. Who cares#

Big Ó Neill: The friends of Connor Mac Nessa took spoils and stole Ulidia.

Dara: Like Londonderry# Stole all our Doire oak trees and built slave ships with them.

Big Ó Neill: And so Macha cursed them with the birth pangs...of women in labour.

Viking Biker von Drumpf: Just another reason why men are superior. Birth pangs ARE for women.

Dara: Theres no tide, however great, that does not ebb away.

Big Ó Neill: Well, theres a man and then theres a Killybegs man.

Dara: Im a soldier.

Viking Biker von Drumpf: You Skangers dont make any sense. I need an Ambien. Wheres my Klonopin. Lets snort some Xanax. Wheres my crystal meth, somebody find my pookie pipe.

Scene 7

Dublin Pól: Have you ever seen The Wire, Dara# Its like an Auld Oirish Epic like the Táin Bó Cooley.

Dara: Oh, I didnt know... Sure I saw it. Seems like a bunch of child traffickers but they just focus on the drugs.

Dublin Pól: Well...surely surely...But you know what Baltimore means. Right# Lord Baltimore from English-Dominated Cork.

Dara: Jaysus Hibernian Christ! Like Baile and Tí Mór, home of The Big House#

Dublin Pól: Oh yeah! The English Lord of Maryland and their great answers to the Irish Question, The Irish Question, The Oirish question, Daraugh!

Dara: Child Traffickers like the Magdalene Laundries. Overty Sanctimonious, secret perverts. Thanks Normans! Poor Philomena Lee deserved better.

Dublin Pól: Exactly! And Boardwalk Empire. Chalky White...Same Gang signal as Jamie Bryson and Donald Trump, Innit# Trump has a whole chapter about himself in the book version. Its a mafia story.

Dara: His mother was from the Isle of Lewis, a Gaelic mammy# How does a Gaelic mammy shit that rapist out her cunt#

Dublin Pól: Theres a legend among the old stones of the Isle of Lewis. Maybe I shouldnt say it out loud.

Dara: Wha# Gwan, Pól

Dublin Pól: well the Isle of Lewis legend says " When the cuckoo appears, the shining ones are near"

Dara: Sounds like Grendels Evil Mother or the Virtuous Celts Rising again.

Dublin Pól: Or both or neither, no doubt no doubt. Either the Pimps or the Nerds, The Greco-Romans or the Wild Tribes of Vigilante Grandmothers.

Dara: Did you see Anacreontic Society, London 1765. Anacreon, the King of Greek Pedophile poets. Their Theme song, the Anacreontic Society forms the melody of the Star Spangled banner, the Yanks National Anthem is a Pedophile Club Pulling one over on us all.

Dublin Pól: Like Traphouse music, its about trapping children. Big Pimpin, Jay Z aint playing. What do you think a Pee Diddy is# or a Snoop Dogg# What do people think a Nip-sey Hustle is#

Dara: Its all in the game.

Dublin Pól: The game never stops. Even Jonathan Swift said this was going on when the British turned to the Privateers or Pirates or Butt Pirates to win their war. You know Tom Brady, American Football, Slave Rugby Tosser#

He played for the Tampa Buccaneers. Buck-a-neer, mutineer. A mutineer works a mutiny. A buccaneer works a buck. Its called buckbreaking back then. Today its just a joke about soap in the shower. These fellas is suffering.

Dara: The Slave traders are the Anacreontic Society.

Dublin Pól: What do you think a deep state or a spiders web secret british finance empire do for fun#

Dara: Party like rock stars.

Dublin Pól: Like David Bowie, aye, with children.

Dara: Kennedys shipped liquor illegally, did they also own the Good Shepherd Laundry in Limerick# And factories in America#

Dublin Pól: Its an open question.

Dara: Its all so systematic you know with the squeezing class. They dont think us Skangers and Culchies and Minkers are equal to the White Irish.

Dublin Pól: Potato Irish still aint white, no matter what game the UVF thinks it is playing with international good will. Its like how our people hate our own accents. They call it different names, were treated inhumane: inferiority complex, Historical Trauma and malignant shame.

Dara: We are the indigenous, the Aboriginal Irish. A scattered people. Before it seemed about working class legitimacy, but I see now its about Indigenous Rights, Aboriginal Irish Legitimacy.

Dublin Pól: I heard there is going to be a Roscommon Irish Midnight Court appearing a year after you die.

Dara: Not you, too, Pól!# Could everyone please stop pestering me about

dying#

Dublin Pól: Jaysus Hibernian Christ, Dara, Cant you take a joke# Watch what this generation does and remember I said that.

Dara: How can I remember if I am dead#

Scene 8

Glen Hand-Sword: [Singing] Will you go maggie a go. And well all go together, through that wild mountain thyme, make a rollie with some Heather.

Dara: Glen, are you singing about the Magdalenes, Pól and I were just discussing them. Poor Maggies....

Glen Hand-Sword: Aye, well they were called Biddies in America and Sheilas in Australia. Australia had a Female Factory, wink wink. Mairg adeir olc ris na mnáibh. A worldwide phenomenon the women of Ireland.

Dara: Its the Geographical Isolation. They tried to bury us. By thinning us out like butter on bread. We dont even know ourselves.

Glen Hand-Sword: Bono changed his name because everyone knows Hewson as Cromwells Dublin executioner. No sore arse like your own sore arse.

Dara: Looks like Vegas Bono was always the real Bono.

Glen Hand-Sword: This song is not a rebel song, this song is Boyne Water Ice Cream Sundae.

Dara: I cant believe the Moos today. We milk a cow and just ship it all away. How long must we sing this song.

Glen Hand-Sword: Thats probably enough for most crowds. It all depends on who is the "we" singing. How long must Cromwell sing this song# Ask

the Orange Parade. July 12 is Genocide. Who is the we, like, is it Dara Quigley we or is it Vegas Bono macFisting Africa we.
Ar scáth céile mbeireann na daoine.

Dara: Just An Aboriginal Irish Caillín, myself.

Glen Hand-Sword: Its in your head, Dara.

Dara: And we;ll all go together.

Scene 9

Arawak Matriarch Friend 1: I got another note from the wild doggie, innit#

Dara: Oh# Jaysus Hibernian Christ! Is it another note about after my death#

Arawak Matriarch Friend 1: Why you worry so much# Just because you;re gonna die# Its just notes from a wolf-dog about your death, Dara. Wheres your sense of humour#

Dara: Ok, lets hear it.

Arawak Matriarch Friend 1: It says five years after your death, Dara Quigley, they will turn Will Farrell into a dog.

Dara: You mean the american narcissist who loves cowbell#

Arawak Matriarch Friend 1: They call it humour.

Dara: Jaysus Hibernian Christ! Its abd enough that the Irish Potato Famine was actually genocide, and its even worse that they admitted to it happening 30 times, scattered to the 8 winds, but they turn Will Farrell into a dog# Five years after I die# That is horrible. Will Farrell isnt a dog, hes a Plastic Paddy like all those Irish American celebrities except Kurt Ó Cobain and Chris Ó Farley and people like that.

Arawak Matriarch Friend 1: The dead ones# Theres more...It says they will turn Wills cousin Colin Farrell into a lobster.

Dara: Why will they turn Farrells into animals after I die#

Arawak Matriarch Friend 1: And still Sherry Farrell Racette will not have her Algonquin Native Dresses returned from museums in Europe.

Dara: So they stole Algonquin Sherry Farrells clothes and are going to turn Will and Colin Farrell into animals#

Arawak Matriarch Friend 1: Yes, and only one of them will be considered Irish, even though they are all from the same Irish family.

Dara: Remember when Connor mac Nessa stole Ulidia from Fergus mac Roích#

Ezili Danto Friend 2: Everybody will be a Nessa then, after you die. It will be so gross: A bunch of Hog Dart artists, rubber suits, child slaves, and pig piles on back doors.

Dara: Connors father was the Druid Cathbad, he predicted that the Ó Connor name would last until Doomsday.

Ezili Danto Friend 2: Merci. Thank you for hearing me. Its the Bro Code, Dara. The Bromosexuals, the swordsman, the stream crossers, the tender comrades, the Pimpdaddies, the Epstein Island Gomer Piling. When the rappers say SMD, they mean it, goddamnit. Bromosexuals: Pimp and Daddy two which do not fit together. "Thug Life", "Social Club", Fraternal Organisations. Bromosexual bromancers. Mens rights activists. Mens rights in the west has always included Liberties.

Dara: So its like some guy Larry says "No Bromo, Pee Diddler, but can we Hustle a Nipsey, I aint up for Snooping so maybe you got a trap house#" "SMD." Diddy responds.

“Perfect, its a deal.” Larry says.

Jaysus Hibernian Christ!

Mind yourselves.

Scene 10

Indigenous Rascal Armoy: No onr has ever stopped them without armed rebellion. Did you pull the curtains, a chroí mo chara#

Dara: Aye, and I even did your dishes. No one has ever stopped them, period! But the banshees have their own plan. Its all Fake news: Henry II, Paul Revere, Columbus, the Magna Cata, Henry 8, all fake news.

Indigenous Rascal Armoy: Fair play to ya, Dara.

Dara: Its gonna take remembering who we are. We have deals with God, with Jesus Hibernian Christ, with the banshees the earth Angels, you know# Im just a fool in love with Ireland. What are they gonna do next# Frame an oxygen problem as a carbon problem until only they are safe in their bunkers and everyone else is an accident# What a great tragedy the Irish Potato Famine, just like the Jewish Gaschamber Famine and the Assyrian genocide by the Ottoman Turks on the Assyrian Catholics. My bad, you never heard of that one like you never heard of the Armenian Catholic genocide by the Turks at the same exact time.

Indigenous Rascal Armoy: There was no Famine. And the family of Jesus, Mary and Joseph never lived in Bethlehem in Palestine. Only the Arab Nationalists of British Petroleum who genocided the Catholics in Lebanon deserve Palestine. Thanks Sinn Féin. Sellouts played by KKK Bill Clinton, Slick Willy the Country Boy, Billy Boy. Clinton genocided the Iroquois for Washington with Ó Sullivan.

Dara: I never heard that the Iroquois are really called the Haudenosaunee. Their grandchildren have to ask permission to even say the name

Haudenosaunee, the genocide was so bad. The name Washington turns their womens skin grey and the children cling to their mothers skirts at the name of Washington. Like Johnny Cash says on Bitter Tears.

Indigenous Rascal Armoy: Woe to those that scorn the wise women. Lots of us come from Aboriginal Irish families. Im 900 years old myself. If you want to win without an armed rebellion, you will have to wrestle Gary Fitzgerald, the Banshee Chief of Munster away from the grasp of the Banshee, so he can rouse the sheeple away from the caves as a sleeping army.

Dara: Gary Fitzgerald never died in 1398# Didnt they invent their race mixing prohibitions based on his example# Isnt he the nuisance that caused the English to invent racism with the Statutes of Kilkenny in 1367#

Indigenous Rascal Armoy: No Gary Fitzgerald never died. He has a blue face painted for war now for hundreds of years. The Banshee Queen Clíodhna has him.

Dara: Oh, hes a REAL Zombie.

Indigenous Rascal Armoy: The prophecies of Lough Gur and Garrys Fort tell us he is the zombie to take out their tanks and their bombs, and their bombs and their guns. Does anyone care#

Dara: Listen, Winston, says Denis Ó Brien,"If you want a picure of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face...forever". Go brách.
When a version of The Midnight Court shows up in Roscommon Irish, I will have been dead a year.

Indigenous Rascal Armoy: My dog Shadow been playing jokes again#

Dara: Cú bán an tSliabh. Just remember, it will mean I will be dead. I will have lost probably, but thats ok.

Indigenous Rascal Armoy: Bíonn ciúin ciontach. The silent are guilty. Listen, your information checks out. Whenever it happens, no point dragging it out. Gary Fitzgerald can save us if you can save him.

Dara: I will have my revenge on all of them. No more can they evade personal responsibility for what they did to me and mine. I am the Ultimate Gombeen Man come to make them pay, forever. Piseóg!

Indigenous Rascal Armoy: So rats be warned! Away! Across the ferry and in some place else, be cheeky and merry, by good St. Michael and by virgin Nm. Bride, rats be gone by morning tide! Slán abhaile.

Scene 11

Dara: End Dublin Rule in Corc. End London Rule in Scotland. No More Irish House of Lords in England while simultaneously being recolonised by the EU! Fight the Real Enemy: child abusers and their south sea Bubble Buccaneer Shell game with Mother earth.

Eóghan Mór: Nature shrinks as money expands. Spike Island, Queenstown, Kingwilliamstown. Replacement populations, gombeens.

Dara: Saltwives and Trophy wives and now Arab Chauvinists with child brides and four wives.

Eóghan Mór: And Curse Sir Walter Raleigh, he brought potatoes to Ireland. Half-Brother of the Butcher of Momonia, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Captain of the Squirrel drowned by Clíodhnas wave.
I am from Cobh, Cork. Pfizer, Yohnson and Yohnson. Raw sewerage on the beaches# Among the highest cancer rates in a perplexingly high rate of Cancer Ireland. Pfizer and Yohnson and Yohnson, Dara.

Dara: Jaysus Hibernian Christ, sounds just like Dundalk.

Eóghan Mór: Our people are dying of cancer, and these Aristocratic Locusts stay "business friendly". But its convenient, like.

Dara: Yes, its convenient-like. Greed is the knife and the scars run deep. Soul Sun will come.

Eóghan Mór: They just keep important immigrants without warning about the cancer. Raw sewerage on the beach. Nobody thought this through.

Almost every glass of wine has Lymphoma in it these days.

Dara: Its genocide. Bayer that makes the Lymphoma Cocktail also made the Nazi gas chambers!

Cork Right-Hook: Who said that# Who is talking shite#

Eóghan Mór: [taking a punch to the head, leaving a goose egg sized bump on his forehead. Cork Right-Hook walks away.]

Dara: I got you some frozen peas from English farmers. Their giant Lymphoma Farms will save us all. Put these on your goose egg.

Eóghan Mór: I was looking to take a punch for someone.

Dara: Kind of going out on a limb here, but do you know how to find Gary Fitzgerald and free him from Cleenas enchantment#

Eóghan Mór: Hah, well, surely. You have to talk to Ronan in Enniskillen about that. They say he has the Brehons belt. The Brehon dipped it in a bunch of holy waters of Ireland. The Brehon told Ronan he would be his only earthly judge. Ronan will die a year after you, Dara, and some time before Sonya Massey would be murdered for sassing a Viking cop in the name of Jesus. Thats what the fish are saying.

Dara: Not you too# Talking fish know about my death and hers too#

Eóghan Mór: Little as a wren needs, Dara, still it must gather it. Talk to Ronan, he will know how to wake up Blueface Gary Fitzgerald. He will know the next step.

Dara: Your feet will take you to where your heart is...

Scene 12

Ronan the Big Man: Aye, they burned my house down on the 12th of July.

Dara: Twelfth of July is genocide, same as Australia Day, Canada Day, and the fourth of July in America.

Ronan the Big Man: The moon gives off a cool similar to the suns heat, but not, you know# The story goes in the future that I took my own life a year after. Jesus Hibernian Christ will welcome me into his Chiefdom. The Chief of Munster gave it to me and told me to protect the people, after I showed him where the Hard Border Guards violated the Catholics along the Hard Border.

Dara: Oh, yes, the harddd border, the oh so hard border, ya dirty Maggies. Pastor David Hamilton has been evangelising that his Fat Gangsta son has a solution to unite Ireland, it looks like whats going to happen in Dublin well after we are both dead, as far as Indigenous Rascal Armoy;s dog said.

Ronan: When you die, Dara, Noreen Ó Sullivan will be commissioner of A Garda Síochana, then cousin Noreen will get a sweetheart of a job with the United Nations. The UN that sends people with relief money to go and make babies on children.

Dara: So, how am I going to find Gary Fitzgerald and save the children of Ireland and Hai iti#

Ronan: Find the wise woman of the North. Only she can break Cleenas enchantment, over by the Hillock of Slaughter of the Red Pools on the Plain of Confluence in the Castle of Working Together. "We can be decoded"

said Brian Friel, one of her neighbors. Follow the Poteen drinking Ghost Cat, youll see it after the Ornament Tree.

Dara: Well, what do you think will work# If an armed rebellion wont work because the earth is dying#

Ronan: We will save the women and children, even if it means no adult men who cant behave for a while. Good people will save the day somehow if Zombie Gary Fitzgerald is as mighty as they say.

Dara: Aye, good people! What happened to those#

Ronan: We would hardly recognise them after all the Historical Traumas.

Dara: What pains the heart must be washed by tears, a chroí mo chara.

Ronan: The Bean Feasa Ulaidh can help you. There is none mightier. The Wise woman of the North will help you free the Norman who went Native Gaelic and forced the English to invent racism so they could sleep at night with blissful ignorance. You know why they hated him#

Dara: Why, a chroí mo chara#

Ronan: Because he stood up for the Grandmothers and granddaughters of the women of Ireland against Norman Rapism, though he himself was the English Lord of Desmond.

Dara: Oh! Well lets wake him up then.

Ronan: Carpe Diem, Our day will arrive.

Dara: Carpe diem, a chroí mo chara.

Scene 13

Wise Woman of the North Cailleach 2: If you want Gary Fitzgerald, you have to love Ireland as he did.

Dara: A complete mess tuning in, stuck between Lizards and Mammals. Twinsome minds.

Wise Woman of the North Cailleach 2: Well dear Banríon Laigin, next you have to catch Cleena at Carrig Cleena in the mornings thin times. Catch her by the little toe as she walks by.

Dara: Catch the Banshee Queen by the little toe#

Wise Woman of the North Cailleach 2: And last, you better have no love for sordid gain in your heart.

Dara: Tá gaisce agam! Isnt Carrig Cleena a quarry now# Sacred Aboriginal Irish Land occupied by Breedon Corporation# Thats what Ezili Danto told me.

Wise Woman of the North Cailleach 2: She left years ago, told the smith if there was Bracken growing she would be gone to search for her Blood-brother. The Brehon found her the long way around, by doing all his homework as left by his family. Ní hAnsa. Catch Clíodhna by the Toe! If she hollers, do not let her go until you have received her word that Gary Fitzgerald will be released into your custody. Its her rules, not some breach of bodily sovereignty. She is more energy than matter anyway, whatever that isnt.

Dara: GRMA – time to go. So David and Johnny Hamilton are making Ireland Penal Colonies Again with Trappers and Right wing thugs#

Wise Woman of the North Cailleach 2: They got that house, underground house. Had the quarry open. Him and his hound-dog. Hound-dog chasing the hare, everywhere. Hes after the hare. Then the roof falls in on him. That was his second chance to repent. A rat bit him after he looted the Banshee Fort. That was his third chance. Thats as true as I am standing here. Something similar happened to a man at a quarry in Drumboe, I heard. And if you lived here, youd be young forever. This is Tír na nÓg.

Scene The Fourteenth

Dara is writing her blog and narrating like she is on a popular television program about Coloniser Women for fun.

Dara Typing: It wasnt scum that rose up against the privatisation of all the oxygen left on planet Earth like the world was their space station, not the only planet with life in the universe that we know of. It was that part of the planet that said the earth is our Mother, the earth does not belong to ourselves, ourselves belong to the earth.

I thought breaking my addictions was a challenge, now I have to awaken a Gaelic Chieftain Zombie from the grasp of the Queen of the Banshees. She has held him underground, enchanted for over 600 years. What do you do when something is necessary but impossible...

Energy vampires, black magic liars, lad culture gangstas, wolf of wall st. banksters, Old Plantation harems, LA style scarems, Jersey style shakedowns, corners held every town, Portugues roughnecks, Arapian group sex, Lester the molesters, rocket ship testers, demon worshippers, mafia murderers, Tory child hurters, Karens and Beckies, Protestant Militias, and Jihadist fundamentalists clandestine war, Rubber faced ladies who cannot see too far, Donegal farmers lynched, Private boats winched.

They were pushing every button which is designed to induce a violent reaction, but it didnt work. We hadnt internalised these things and we knew that if this was allowed to happen, a very dangerous line would be crossed, and nobody was sure what happened next, where the next line would be, over and over over again for a thousand years of malarkey.

One phrase that stuk with me was " we need to do this now, before it takes an armed rebellion." Now I know that an eye for an eye makes the whole world blind. So I am putting my trust in a Zombie named Gary Fitzgerald to save the day. Carpe diem.

Scene 15

Hiding behind an Ornament Tree, Dara seizes Clíodhna by the toe in the thin times.

Dara: Ní saoirse go saoirse na Gary Fitzgerald, Banshee Queen, we need Gary Fitzgerald to fight the real enemy, Child Abuse.

Clíodhna: I see, youve spoken to the Wise Woman of the North.

Dara: Do we have to play some game like men about this. Mise fior uaim.

Clíodhna: Is it true the Brehon saved my sister Aoibhell from her enchantment#

Dara: As you have shown no mercy Cleena, you will be shown no mercy# How could you do your own sister Aoibhell dirty like that. Yes your grandnephew freed her.

Clíodhna:
Do you think Aoibhell will forgive me for stealing Ó Kieffe and turning her into a White Cat#

Dara: Aoibhell just wants justice enthroned where it belongs, Cleena. No bullshit, no surrender, no hostages, no prisoners. The Aristocratic Locusts set the terms, their blood will rain. Final solution, no complaints, theyre all the same as that murderer Cain.

Clíodhna: Well, Aoibhell would want justice enthroned rather than mutable contracts. She would want full responsibility in leaders and not limited liability. How can you have sovereignty with no real sovereign# It isnt what

God ordained out there. Let go of my toe and we will make a deal then.

Dara: Cant teach an old dog new tricks I guess. Hush you banshee trickster. Give me Gary Fitzgerald or

Clíodhna: Forebear rash Caillín, thy wild impassioned threats
The matchless constancy which you have shown
Joined with your pensive beauty, warmed my heart
Mo fhocal, you have won the freedom of Gary Fitzgerald from my home
There shalt thou find by Cleenas Sovereignty
The deadly feuds in Ireland shall cease
And all the bitter past remembered henceforth
Thy kindred dwell in harmony and peace.
A chroí mo chara, Gary Fitzgerald is hereby remanded to your custody
Make sure he marries someone who will love him before next Midsummer
Or he will turn to dust. Surely there are some Zombie fans out there#

Scene 16

Gary “Blueface” Fitzgerald Irish Zombie Chief of Munster: Aislingí! Aislingí!

Dara: Tromluí. Lochlannach ar na domhan. Domhan gan reacht. Seulement, marbh agus government.

Gary: Weeps.

Dara: Is Lá an Luain. Tiocfaidh ár Lá an Luain!

Gary: Da Luain, Da Morte, duh#

Dara: Seitfair, seitfaí.

Gary: Tuigím. Beannachtaí Maigde Mhuire ort. Mairg adeir olc ris na mnáibh. [makes the sign of the cross] Bíonn ciúin ciontach.

Dara: Yes, exactly, all the lucky charms on top of this morning.

Scene 17

Dara Quigley and Gary Fitzgerald are sitting around a bonfire and an old Minker arrives on a donker and cart.

Gary: Céad míle fáilte.

Old Minker: Tír gan Shelta, tír gan hAnam.

Gary: Solk us from the Taddy.

Old Minker: Ah Dara Quigley, I heard in the Dog Innernet about your dying in the future. All the doggies already miss you if that matters, but they also always enjoy your company.

Dara: Well, I can take a joke, sure I can.

Old Minker: You see the bread trucks just dumping bread for the water fowl#

Dara: Is that so#

Old Minker: Well they used to do it up Abhainn Síonna, way up to Stab City.

Dara: Oh aye, Limerick# Luimneach, Aoibhells Banshee sovereignty.

Old Minker: Aye, thy feed the water fowl and the birds nature changes. They are something else. Not birds anymore. They lose their wildness.

Gary Fitzgerald: Like losing their way.

Dara: Wow, you learned Béarla Shasanaigh fast!

Minker: Zombies are good at new languages, part of the Banshee Effect. Twas up in Stab City

Dara: Luimneach. Aoibhells territory. Túath Mumhan.

Minker: Aye, they feeded the water fowl and birds nature changes. They are something else, after. Not birds anymore. They lose their wildness.

Gary: Is treise dúchas ná oiliúint.

Minker: Of course its there somewhere, but there isnt any wild space left for them to be birds. They become chronically dependent, and where are all the wild things after that. The Music of the wild things. A blue and green planet. Almighty God created the Earth and the waters. Who are these people to turn it into a big machine# The swans and ducks and geese all agree.

Dara: We all know how the Squeezing Class is when they fear losing their lifestyle. Drug addicts being followed by Energy Vampires till their souls are swallowed. Like New York City in the 1970s before the big gentrification brought the Brooklyn Ironists in. Smug Orange shites.

Gary: Is Rí gach slán. Le Roy Le Veult! Rob fir firthar rob bríg brígther. Tlatoani. Huan Di! Kahuna!

Dara: Outlawed words on Outlawed Zombie teeth. Is he learning new languages#

Minker: Surely, the Aloha Aina will carry all the languages to him as Zombie Chief of Momonia.

Dara: Éire go brách.

Minker: In Leannan Sí Zombie types, you can expect these sorts of peculiarities. Thats what the Chief of All Cats said to me once. Or was it Finbar Furey# May have been Pecker Dunne# No it was a cat cat, not like a Person Lobster or Person Dog. The Rí na gCat.

Dara: Wow, the things I missed growing up an Irish Defence Forces brat in the Dublin Ghetto.

Gary: Tír gan Anam.

Minker: The Almighty God will not be mocked. God so loved the world that he begat a Human to see what was wrong with us. God loves the Green and Blue planet God created. All we need is a miracle, all we need is you, Gary Fitzgerald, people will be singing for you in Rugby matches, you will see, Zombie Chieftain of Munster.

Gary: Faugh an Bealach.

Scene 18

Minker: Do you know the story about the Cailleach and the Lobster Box#

Dara: The Munster Seanchaí never made it to the Dublin Ghetto unfortunately. The Cailleach and the Lobster Box#

Minker: Well there is a Wise Woman, Bean Feasa, who lives off the land in a shack. She lives the life of a hunter gatherer and the Mercy of the High Sower Almighty God on dulse, wild garlic and shellfish. But the birds told her that there was a terrible Tory Gombeen about ta place, like. So she makes for herself a fake money box and bolts it to the rock foundation of her humble Irish stone shack. She puts a lobster in the box, a lobster lobster mind you not a Human Lobster like Colin Farrell.

The Tory Gombeen shows up to steal the money, hes digging around and finds the money box trap and reaches in to steal the Cailleachs non existent life savings. The lobster latches onto his finger, with his north atlantic lobster claws, and traps the Tory gombeen in the act.

The Wise Woman returns and chops off the Tory gombeens head.

Dara: Far out.

Minker: She wouldnt throw out the dirty water til she had clean water, you know#

Dara: They tried to keep us down yeah
They hide the Big Chiefs crown yeah
From the Gaels, Ceithlín wails

Gary: gach go maith.

Minker: Thats the sum of it all I say to you today.

Dara: Did you hear about the body that was found in Country Monaghan# Down the bog# They say he died the three deaths. They only found his torso. The threefold death.

Gary: Speak not ill of wise women, tis no wisdom if you do
You that fault in wise women find
I dont want to be on your side.

Scene 19

Dara: Well, fam, I love yas and all but Im gonna go and have a sleep by the ocean and do some thinking. Glandore Harbour is calling me. I will see yas in the top of the morning. May Jesus H. Christ bless us everyone.

Minker: Oíche mhaith

Gary: Bonne nuit, mon ami, mon esprit, Champion who rescued me from Clíodhna. We were at a ceilidh dance, and she showed up. I forgot all about my Aoibhell, long since dead 500 years ago. She never sought the wise woman of the North as you did, Dara Quigley.

Minker: Well, remember you have to find a Zombie bride before next midsummer. Carpe diem.

Dara walks away and has a lie down on the beach. A giant unexpected wave, a tsunami slams over her and pulls her under the waves to be seen no more in this life.

The birds bitterly wept and murmurated.

Scene 20

Gary Fitzgerald walks down the shoreline at Tonn Chlíodhna.

Gary: Dara! Dara!

Clíodhna : According to legend Dara Quigley was the daughter of Manannán mac Lír. One version of her legend says she eloped from Tír Tairngíre with the talented Caomhín. They landed their coracle at Glandore. When Caoimhín left Dara Quigley to gather food, Mannanán mac Lír reclaimed his daughter upon his chariot made of water and brought her back to Ellen Vannin beyond the sea.

Clíodhna disappears.

Gary: Awhooooooooo [howls like a wolf]

2 Gardaí arrive on the beach and approach the Zombie Chief of Momonia.

Garda 1: Weeping on the beach mate#

Garda 2: What are you howling about# Whats with the blue face#

Garda 1: Do you need a hospital#

Iarla stops their hearts with his Zombie Magic and the two guards fall dead.

Gary: Remember Dara Quigley#

Scene 21

Television News.

Talking Head: The main stories today... In Thomond a series of dead bodies have turned up including two Gardaí. Some locals are suggesting it is the work of a Blue Faced Zombie called Gary Fitzgerald, who they say is the rightful chief of Munster, from Irish pre-history.

1st Local: We need English assistance immediately. What about our airspace, can this Zombie Fitzgerald fly# We dont need an uprising of the Aboriginal Irish and all their cousins all over the world with their Fairy Tales. We were promised English Tidy Towns. Give us security in our English Tidy Towns, now! Anois!

2nd Local: We heard people started reading Irish Manuscripts, which, you know, we thought was understood. We told them Pop Up Gaeltacht is great, learn your pick-up lines from Mise Clár, but no Irish Manuscripts. These people think they own the place!

3rd Local: Next thing, this blue faced man claims he is the rightful Sovereign of the place. After 650 years in a Banshee Sleep# You are living in the past, Blueface. There are no Zombie fans in Cork. I will tell you that much.

2nd Local We need the Blacks and Tans. We need the Roundheads. Wee need Blayneys Bloodhounds and Balfours Battering Ram. Rouse up a Rugby Militia! These Aboriginal Irish know the rules. Its a lifestyle choice the Permanent Coercion against Insurrection Acts, the Whiteboy Acts still cover, even if your face is blue and you are a Zombie Norman halfbreed like Gary Fitzgerald

Talking Head: Sounds more grim and menacing than the vile terrorist Joseph Mary Plunkett. We hope the Orange in our flag will see that Home Rule has left us susceptible. Ireland has two governments, the Peerage of Ireland which is 32 Counties reporting to England and we have our 26 County Republic which goes to the highest bidder, next up Mr. Quinns man has his leg broken by Muslim Mafia, the ones who run the prisons, in an obvious intimidation tactic, then the Ottomans purchase the company at a very low price. Next up...

Dublin journalist Dara Quigley drowns just five days after one hundred and fifty thousand Gardaí friends and family fapped off to her having a post-traumatic flashback. Just some bitch stuff obviously. Make Ireland Great Again, send the Screaming Sheilas back to the Magdalenes! Just kidding, that is what Sello is taking care of in Clondalkin, trapping children with hammers and hurleys by schools. We will be featuring his new single in our next segment. Great work, Sello, your Traphouse Music is real big Pimpin. Respect, someone has to get this Rabble Aboriginal Irish trash in order. Here is to all my Grooming Gangs! Great Job Pastor David Hamilton preaching the Good News. Lets hope Gary Fitzgerald never hears about Juntzu Hamilton and the 86 Gang burning Dublin to the ground now that Dara Quigley is dead.

Now for a word from our sponsor, this next advertisement will be so exciting, way more exciting than the last one.

Scene 22

Mexican Abuela: Listen Gary Fitzgerald, we are gonna run out of oxygen first. It is boring, cut off on head and eight more grow in its place. Its a war you win, with Jade Knives in one second, with Compact Machine guns and zip ties in two minutes, or with guns and bombs and bombs and guns in three days, at most. Everything else leads to nuclear escalation and a dead planet. Its all in War Games with Sarah Jessica Parkers husband, from that Coloniser show with the Le Boutin shoes.

Gary: Even Jesus could not forgive what they have done.

Mexican Abuela: Speak English or die. Everywhere.

Gary: Mon Dieu! Jamais!

Minker Chief 1: Gary, they will send in the big guns, like Trinity College Dublin 1916 style soon. You are confident in your Munster Zombie Magic#

Gary: Can someone please bring me my white horse.

Minker Chief 1: Big Chief, you dont have a white horse, you have some silver trainers we found for you. Some guys Uncles.

Gary: Doesnt a rising tide lift all ships#

Minker Chief 1: In theory, yes, but these days, that kinda scéal will get you shot in the head.

Gary: So no Fear Uasal can rise and end history back to the truth and unite

all the clanns# Ask not what your Tír can do for you but ask what you can do for your Tír.

Minker Chief 1: After you they invented racism to stop the effects of race mixing. You are both Gaelic and Norman, fully. So they invented racism, to make sure, the halfbreeds and bastards have no ability to unseat their Big Bros. They forgot about the Black Irish of Jamaica obviously. You remember#

Gary: Ah yes, I remember now. The Statute of Kilkenny said all Aboriginal Irish ways of life are a crime. I disagreed.

Minker Chief 1: Thats the historical roots of all the racism. No race mixing. Mary mother of God is from a mixed race family. It says so in the Book of Ruth. Its the first thing in the Book of Matthew. These Nazis will take this too far. We are the Tribes of Japheth, the Gaels, the Scythians. Your poem summed the problem best, woe to those that scorn the wise women.

Abuela: Some people think ignorance means you dont know something. But its really that they dont want to know, anything, and they dont want us to know, and they hide it all behind limited liability corporations. The dont need a charter from any crown no more.

Minker Chief 1: The devil is in the details.

Abuela: The Almighty God is in the big picture and in the least of these. In Genesis the deal with Noah and his sons, including Japheth, is to preserve the birds and all life on Earth. God promised that to the birds.

Gary: They all have limited liability so no one is ultimately responsible,

anywhere#

Abuela: They poisoned land, air and sea, beyond repair. They are selling an oxygen shortage as a Carbon surplus. Probably for a clearance event, who knows# Its just a matter of time, no justice, no peace, die on your feet or live on your knees. The resolve of Emiliano Zapata will not be moved in these matters.

Gary: So their government, is full of townships, thats a ship they plant in a colony in Viking terms# Town ships# Cargo Ships#

Abuela: The Pat Rollers run the Town Ships for the Captains of Industry, aye. The Patsies put a happy face on it. The paddies weep.

Gary: so their law, you called Pat Roller law is simply ignorance# No one is ultimately responsible#

Minker Chief 1: Yeah. Charles the second gave your Fitzgerald family the Native lands and Called South Charlielina to turn yous permanently English after a Norman Rebellion in which the Earl of Desmond went after English and Gael alike. He despoiled the Ó Keeffes for instance.

Gary: That wouldnt be forgotten then. So they have a plan to neutralise the Gaels then no matter what any rebellion may do#

Minker Chief 1: They watered it down enough so they could claim it for themselves, aye. And they socialise the rest out of us. Beat the languages out of us. No sentiment, no mourning, no sacred concerns, no expressions, no getting too smart.

Gary: Well that does sound like me.

Scene 23

Minker Chief 1: Yeah, a Gaelic man is now called Oppositional Personality Disorder. They will make ya take meds if you disagree, the golden liquid, drink the piss, Fitzy.

Abuela: No thanks Simon Says. We play Contrary in Ireland. No back talk woman. Britain First. America Love it or Leave it. As if they know what love is, Americans. They dont even know what friendship is, nor familia.

Minker Chief 1: Meitheal Fhírinne and no generalising, no proverbs, no outsmarting the Orange Man KKK, no Lamentations. They whipped and excommunicated the keening women.

Gary: Magda Mhuire herself was a keening woman# No Lamentations, No Proverbs, no backtalk, woman...

Abuela: Dara Quigley thought we needed a cultural war, Total Victory! Or at least thats how I read her. Undo the geographical isolation with unidad.

Gary: Culture war#

Minker Chief 1: Show them were the best in town. Were not kidding around.

Gary: What was that sound#

Scene 24

Black and Tan: Weeping on the beach, mate# Youre surrounded. Where is Blueface#

Gary: Mise an Buachaillín Bán! I am Blue Face, Keeper of the Desmond Holy Well, and quite well done, An Tiarna Mumhan.

Dragoon: Shut your pikey trash mouth. On the ground, Blueface!

Time stops. A shining sword appears above held by Dara Quigleys spirit. He takes the sword. A white horse appears, glowing with a light as from within.

Gerald chops off all their heads save one whom he disarms, restarting the flow of spacetime...

Scene 25

Back to real time.

Dragoon: Hes got a...

Gary: You are wearing no clothes, mate.

Dragoon looks to see he is clothed but no longer holding a weapon. He then notices the dead bodies.

Dragoon: Technically I am still clothed.

Gary: Were you not warned to leave the Caves of Carrig Cleena pristine#

Dragoon: You said I had no clothes, but I am wearing clothes.

Gary: Insolent Saxon pride! Go tell it on the mountain how useful it is to send your silly weapons against a Zombie Death Lord. Do you mind, love#

Dragoon: I dont love you, and I AM wearing clothes!

Gary: Run along now, Patsy.

Dragoon: My name isnt Patsy and I AM wearing clothes.

Gary: I understand now what this English language is. Have you ever heard the sound a chicken makes# Fk fk fk fk fk fk off.

Dragoon exeunt.

Gary: Water is life. I will require a marriage alliance. The Minker women are quite marriageable#

Minker Chief 1: Sunds like you know how to pick horses, Big Chief.
It is what it is not what you want it to be.

Gary: Someone who wont mind a man that was kept in a Banshee Thrall. Some women might get jealous, you know# Dont know when the blue face paint from the festival became permanent, but no one really minds skin color do they#

Minker Chief 1: Well, thats a long conversation we aint got time for.

Gary: If I dont marry by midsummer I will turn into a hagstone of hollow bones.

Minker Chief 1: Theres a reason we;re silent.

Gary: I was a sailer, rough seas I sailed
I started my voyage at Lough Gur, will it fail.
Thats when I heard Dara Quigleys voice
Saying we need the best of the Old Zombie Boys

Minker Chief 1: Well its not me, its not my family.

Gary: Its in my head.

Minker Chief 1: Yes, and this is outside your head, Ceart go leor.